

Pam
Bios

360

In Remembrance

GENEVIEVE DAVIS OLDS



IN REMEMBRANCE
of
Genevieve Davis Olds



CHARLES BURNELL OLDS

JULY, 1939



Pam
Blog

THIS MEMORIAL

TO

My Dear Wife, Genevieve

IS DEDICATED TO

My Dear Daughter, Genevieve

Who desired that it be written, that "the hundreds of people who knew and loved her might know of the real person she was and will always be to us."

SHE'S GONE!

*No light, no song, no friendly cheer—
The house is sad and dark and drear.
And I—I sit alone.*

GONE?—NAY,

*She's here, within this heart of mine,
And that is filled with peace divine,
And the song I've learned to sing.*

The Twenty-first of May

*One month ago this day, you passed
To that high place God willed for you,
To that new work He called you to,
And life for us was overcast.*

*But when we think upon your joy
We cannot wish you back again,
We recognize the higher gain
To you in such divine employ.*

*Our love upreaches through the vails
To grace you in your high estate,
As daily we commemorate
Our joy in you that never fails.*

*We feel you nearer now than when,
Still with us, you were far away,
Nor did we know from day to day
If we should see your face again.*

*So now, for your fine loyalty
Unceasing thanks and praise we give;
Who dies for Him shall ever live,
Who lives for Him shall never die.*

—JOHN OXENHAM.



I

Her Life As She Lived It



SIXTY-FIVE years of radiant living! Twenty-eight of them preparatory—exploratory of what well-rounded womanhood might be—thirty-seven of them realizing life to the full, as wife, mother, friend of Japan, pioneer, leader.

Kobe, Japan, was her birth-place; April 30, 1874, the date. Genevieve Woodbury was the name her parents added to Davis when she was born to them as their second daughter, in the third year of their sojourn in that fair land of their adoption.

Then followed twelve years of childhood—all growing years, years in which ideals were forming. All but the first of those years were lived under the shadow of those palace walls that had been so recently vacated by His Highness, the Emperor, in favor of Tokyo, his new capital. But far more deeply was she impressed by the fact that Doshisha, Japan's first great Christian school, nearer still and, in her eyes, more important, was started almost the same year her life was started, by her father, working with Mr. Neesima, and was destined to grow with her growth until it should become one of the great universities of the empire.

A husband wishes he might be able to pry into the secrets of those early years in Kyoto, and see and watch the making of the woman he afterward came to love. But for him that may not be; he must, therefore, be silent where he would fain be eloquent.

At the age of twelve her first great sorrow came when her gentle mother passed quickly and silently out of her life into the great, mysterious unknown world beyond. Did the mem-

ory of that great sorrow color all her life? I have sometimes thought so, though certainly not to sadden it—only to intensify her natural seriousness.

That year she went, then, with her father and her sister Clara and her brother Merle, to the homeland, in whose friendly environment the slender girl matured swiftly into youth and womanhood, as she passed in succession from grammar school to High School and Academy and College, and thence out into real life. Much of her time was devoted to music during those years, and for that she had real talent. In time, however, she agreed with her advisers that, for the sake of the larger usefulness for which she felt herself destined, she must sacrifice her passion and devote herself to the securing of the best possible preparation she could get for that life she was always looking forward to.

Elgin, Illinois, was her home during her first years in America, and her father's sister, Mrs. Sawyer, the kind aunt who mothered her. Oberlin, however, was her college, and here she graduated in 1897, taking all of her years of training there, save one, her Junior year, which she spent in Beloit, her father's college, and the college of him also, who was destined, thanks to the propinquity that that one year afforded, to become her husband later on. The year was none the easier for her because of the fact that that year, for the first time, the college had been opened to women and she was the only woman in the Junior class.

But the marriage that may have been predestined was not soon consummated. Three years of further study had to be spent by him in Hartford, in preparation for his subsequent missionary career, and that was followed by two years of ill-health, consequent, perhaps, on the years of prolonged study. So she had to wait for him, and while doing so spent the major part of her time in teaching, first in a private home, later in a school known as Weiser Academy, in Weiser, Idaho. Then,

eventually, on the third of April, 1902, the marriage was consummated in the home of her aunt in Elgin. Thereupon, almost immediately, she went with her husband to Buffalo Center, Iowa, and entered upon her duties as mistress of the manse, in the small church in which he had already begun his ministerial career.

Here life began in earnest. But, in spite of its hardships, the twelvemonth that succeeded was a joyous twelvemonth, and not without visible fruit in the lives of those both touched. It was not to be a long ministry, however, for the following spring appointment was received from the American Board to evangelistic work in Japan, a field that was to be the scene of their lifelong labors until, thirty-six years later, death was to close it, for her at least.

The life in Japan may be divided into three unequal periods, with ten years in Miyazaki, the southern island, five years in Niigata, in the north, and nineteen years in Okayama, in central Japan, and with one or two years each, at the times of furlough, between the appointments, which makes up the total of thirty-six years since their arrival June 6, 1903.

During all those many years, the main events, to her at least, were the advent, one after the other, of her four children—Horace Irving in 1905, at present an enthusiastic student of things Japanese and a lecturer in the colleges of America on all subjects pertaining to the culture of the land of his birth and of his love; Edward Bosworth in 1908, an effective worker in Pittsburgh for the cause of better social and economic conditions of living; and Charles Burnell, Jr., and Alice Genevieve, who, arriving at the same time in 1913, made that year memorable. Of these two, Charlie is a capable social worker in the city of Chicago, while Genevieve is not only making an ideal home for her husband, Howard Haynes, in Cleveland, Ohio, but finds further outlet for her energies in the field of

Nursery Home Education work in which she is employing in effective manner her inherited intense love for children.

Home to her—Mother Genevieve—was the most precious thing on earth. Everything centered there. And, in the later years, no matter how many thousands of miles separated her from her children, and no matter how much their own family cares increased with the progress of the years, where her husband and children were, there home was. She never forgot them, never ceased to love them, and commune with them in her own inner shrine, and commend them day by day to the great Father of us all. Even in the midst of her busy life, also, almost weekly did a long personal letter go to each of her four on the other side of the world. Rarely did she let two weeks go by without writing something.

And yet her hungry heart was not satisfied in the devotion that she poured out in order to make her own home the best place on earth. Only when she was expending the same kind of energy to the end that other people's homes—as many as she could reach—might be dominated by the same ideals of love, purity and mutual understanding that characterized her own, was she thoroughly happy. This, she soon discovered, was going to require of her study, diligent study, scientific study—the study of organs and processes—that she might know the physical basis of a happy love-life—a happy home-life—and so be able to teach others how to conduct themselves in the midst of life's temptations and life's drabness.

And so she made herself into a specialist—she had to if she was to accomplish her aim—and that, too, in a field that to the vast majority of the friends whom she respected and loved, was taboo—the field of sex, of sex education. It took some courage to go on after she had met with affront after affront. But she never faltered. She never permitted her enthusiasm to wane. She loved people. She longed to help them. She was convinced that in no way could she help them so funda-

mentally as by the means she had chosen, and so she persisted, a lone pioneer in an all but unexplored country, even though it might mean temporary separation from the husband whom she loved more than all else in the world, that she might prepare herself by further special study in America. That, she knew, might produce misunderstanding, in a country where a wife's first duty is to her husband. Still she went on, with the result that not only did she carry out her program, she made good. She demonstrated to those who cavilled the wisdom of her line of action, and, what is more, she soon found herself able to steal into the hearts of people for whom she yearned, and inspire in them a desire for the same kind of happy love-life which she had achieved in her own home. With becoming modesty, she always insisted that because of the mistakes and failures that she had met with in the training of her own children, she must now pass on the results of her experience to others that they might not, through lack of knowledge, fall into the errors from which she had suffered.

Nor was it to the individual alone, in private conference with him, that she was able to open up the beautiful, pure way. It was not long before she had groups of people about her—mothers, young wives, unmarried daughters—and, standing in the midst of them, as a beloved sister to them all—she was able to point out to them the conditions of a happiness of which they had not even dreamed. Then the influence was passed on to larger audiences—those of the same age and sex, at first—but gradually able to handle more miscellaneous groups of people, of both sexes and all ages. The secret of it all was that she was always able to bring to her task an atmosphere of absolute purity and womanly dignity that could not fail to inspire an answering attitude of reverence and seriousness. I have seen her stand before a roomful of a thousand middle school boys, the minds and hearts of whom had already, for the most part, become sordid and unclean, and yet

never once during the hour or more that she spoke to them did she ever fail to hold their attention or was there so much as a prurient snicker heard or a sex-poisoned leer seen on any face before her.

I have pointed out above the secret of her success. But there is more to it than that. The basis of her power was threefold. First was her own absolute purity of life. Shielded, from childhood, from everything that was vulgar or low, she entered adult womanhood knowing nothing, having heard or seen nothing that would cause her to think of sex as other than the holiest, most beautiful thing in life; and that ideal she never lost. Sex, to her, was not only wonderful, it was sacred, and nothing so pained her, as she pursued her studies in the subject, as to learn of the base perversions of it that had so wrecked and were wrecking the lives of so many men and women. A second element of her success in the work of sex education was her intense and sincere yearning for people and her deep faith in them. None but her husband and her children can know anything of the *depths* of her love, yet the same kind of love-power went out of her whenever she was face to face with an eager, questing individual, or a roomful of individuals, who sought from her what they knew she was able to give.

A third element was, I believe, the fact that she was the master of her subject. She knew what she was talking about. She had studied the subject. She knew it scientifically. She had read widely and was prepared to answer any question that might arise. And, furthermore, not only did she know her subject, which gave her a message; she knew the art of public speech also—she knew how to get her message across. Often she would lead up to the heart of it—the part that sex plays—by a long roundabout process that made people wonder, and then, when all had been made ready, and the atmosphere that she wanted had been created, she would drive home to their

hearts and their wills with a pointedness that was unerring. She knew how to maintain the proper balance of humor and pathos, and how to punctuate her counsels at just the right moment by some telling illustration drawn from her own experience or observation. Of such illustrations and anecdotes she seemed to have an unfailing fund, and she used them not only copiously but effectively.

The vocabulary that she used, also, was not a mere chance aggregation of words. It was the result of the most careful study. It had to be created indeed, and this she did with the help of her fellow-workers. The difficulty of presenting in telling fashion such a subject as sex was heightened, of course, by the fact that the language which she had to use was not her own native language but Japanese. Of course she was born in the atmosphere of the Japanese language and so had the advantage over most of us, but to speak in a way that will be acceptable and effective to a cultured audience of Japanese men and women is a very different thing from being able to speak the language of children, the only language she was able to understand as a child. No, whatever ability and fluency in Japanese she may have acquired was entirely the result of endless hours of intense, grilling hard work. I have found among her possessions a large number of note-books that were filled with lists of words and phrases, such as she had heard or read and then jotted down for future study, with a view to making them her own.

She never wrote out her addresses in full, but her note-books were packed with outlines for every kind of talk. It is not strange, therefore, that however many times she might be called upon to speak in any given city where she was conducting a campaign, she was always ready with new material. Oftentimes in these campaigns, she might have, within a period of a few days, two or even three sessions of an institute in sex education, to which an admission fee was charged, and which

required of her that she speak two hours or more at a stretch and then answer questions for another hour or two, following it by personal interviews or conversations that would take her right up to the next appointment, which might be another institute session or an address of an hour or more at some school or factory, or perhaps an important general public meeting in the evening. And the same program would be continued day after day, with the result that sometimes she would return home after one of these campaigns, a number of pounds lighter, and yet with spirit undaunted, happy that she had been so much used and rejoicing, perhaps, that the success she had achieved had opened up an opportunity for another campaign somewhere else.

She was a great believer, also, in the value of good literature and she made every meeting where she spoke an occasion for the dissemination of literature on her subject. Much of this literature she created herself, there being so little other available, and sometimes in a single meeting she would sell well over a hundred yen worth of literature—most of it in ten, twenty, or thirty sen booklets. There was no little profit from such book sales, of course, but every cent of it was used in the prosecution of her work. She had to travel, she had to have books for her own study, she had to have a secretary. All these expenses were defrayed from the book sales, except for small honoraria received. She had no work funds, no source of income besides this, other than her missionary salary.

As an indication of the kind of program she was always following, let me write more in detail of her work during the spring of 1935, previous to her leaving that summer for America on furlough. I shall refer to her diary and quote extracts from her letters to me while she was away from home.

On the first of April of that year she left Okayama for the purpose of attending the annual convention of the W.C.T.U.

which was held that spring in Hamamatsu, on the way to Tokyo. This lasted four days, after which she went on to Tokyo, where she had two delightful days of rest and visiting in her son Irving's home, followed by several days of speaking in various places, before her return home on the 15th. She writes a bit of her meetings in K—, saying that the day after her arrival she spoke first to the girls of a large Girls' School. Evidently the girls were very much interested as was evidenced by the fact that they bought a large number of books.

From the school she went to the hall where the big evening meeting was to be held, in order to make arrangements for the showing of her film which she was in the habit of carrying. It was a four-reel film entitled, "The Gift of Life," and it gave an excellent introduction to the facts of sex and its processes. From the hall she went to make a call on the Governor's wife, whom she knew, and then to a Japanese dinner with a group of women. "I had hoped for a chance to rest a little before the evening meeting," she writes, "but had only time to fix up a bit.

"In spite of rain there was a good audience, with at least 50 men—perhaps 300 or 400 in all. As I had to be operator and lecturer in one, and so had to go back and forth from the platform to thread up my machine, it kept me busy."

(Her assistant that night was for some reason unable to be with her.)

"I spoke in all nearly two hours, dividing the time, and everyone seemed pleased. The meeting closed about 10:15. They said they seldom had a speaker who held the audience so well—I wouldn't tell that to anyone but you! But I was tired!"

After that campaign she had a busy week at home, but left again on the 22nd for a round of meetings in a number of places all the way from Kobe to Nagoya, returning home on the 2nd of May. Since at that particular time I, too, was away

for a series of meetings in the country, she wrote me on the 3rd as follows:

“Dearest Hubby:

I did want to write you a good long letter tonight, but here it is 9:30, and I have just got to your letter. It is too bad!

“This has been a hectic day, with the usual letters to write to all the places where people have been good to me, attending to sending money to various publishers, etc., etc., chasing down to Hanabatake (the Settlement) to talk over plans for Mothers’ Meetings—this is *Aigo Week* (love for children week), and all sorts of meetings for mothers are being held in all day-nurseries, etc. Then I’ve had to plan for the Yukata Bazaar tomorrow. (This is a bazaar held by the ladies of the W.C.T.U. every spring for the sale of the negligee evening costume that everyone wears in the spring), ordering things for seven quarts of ice-cream, going to invite people, and spending an hour tonight telephoning. It looks as if it would be a good day tomorrow. The yard looks very nicely, thanks to old Nishina. (The Bazaar was to be held in our yard.)

“You have been so good to write to me, and to send the birthday telegram, and the lovely poem, and song book. That is a song I am especially fond of, (*This Path*, by Yamada)—that tune—and *your words* are *lovely*. I sang the song on the train coming home—to myself. It was *dear* of you to take the time to do this when you were so busy. You certainly have had some big meetings, and I do hope you won’t come back a *wreck*, or catch a bad cold. Can you sleep late mornings?”

During the early part of May she was at home, except for one day when she was off lecturing near Osaka. She was successful here also, as judged by the fact that she sold an enormous number of books, which seemed usually to be a good test.

On the 17th she was off on the road again, staying away this time until the first of June. During that interval there were

few days in which she was not speaking once or twice somewhere.

On the 7th of June she left again, this time spending the days largely in attending to various business matters, shopping, some visiting, and attending important meetings in Kobe and elsewhere. She felt reconciled to being away this time because her husband was with her in most places.

But on the 14th she started off alone, on a 24-hour trip, for the Hokkaido, the northern island, where for the ensuing week she was immersed in her customary program of meetings, coming at last to Sapporo on the 21st. She writes en route to the latter place as follows:

“Dearest Hubby:

It is a shame that I can’t seem to get time to write to you, but really I’ve had a strenuous program during the past five days.

“I wrote you from Asahigawa (a large city in the far north). I think my meetings there were successful. The same women, many of them, heard three different lectures . . .

“Hope I shall find a letter from you in Sapporo. It seems a long time since I left Kobe.”

Later on she writes again en route, a number of times. Most of her letters, indeed, were written on the train when she was away from home. Let me quote from one of these letters more at length, the one that tells of her work in Otaru where the Carys live.

“Dearest Burnell:

Again I shall give you a *train scrawl*, for it is my *only* time for writing.

“Well, I am alive still after the most strenuous program I have had yet—four speeches on the 25th, and three and a *bansan* and a *zadankai* on the 26th! (A *bansan* is a banquet and a

zadankai is a discussion meeting.) They certainly did want to make the most of my time!

"I arrived in Otaru at 8:30 a.m. on the 25th, and had time to go up to the Carys' home, and get books ready, and wash up, before going to a mothers' meeting at a Middle School. I had expected about 50, but instead there were about 300 mothers. They could hardly crowd into the room, and they hung on every word. They snapped up all my literature after the meeting and I could have sold three times as much. Also the new Perry pictures had come and I sold a lot of those.

"I had barely time to snatch a bite of lunch before I was off again to a Girls' School, then from there to a Primary School mothers' group. They had met at the school for another meeting about 1:30. Here again I had some 300 mothers. Then, after the lecture, I had the movie film, so that it was after 5:30 when I got home. They served my dinner in my room so that I did stretch out awhile.

"The evening lecture meeting was in the large auditorium of the new city-office building holding 600 people, and it was full. Ten sen tickets had been sold, too. I spoke for over an hour, and I *had* my audience, nearly half men—the best speech I think I have made yet at a lecture meeting. I sang '*I Would Be True*,' too.

"Yesterday morning at 10:00 I went to another Girls' School. 300, and a lot of mothers, were present, and after I had spoken I had the movie in a separate darkened room. After a hurried bite at noon I went over to the Higher Commercial School where Frank Cary teaches English and had a time of it adjusting my movie, for some of the films had been wound shiny side out by the man who ran the machine at the school in the morning.

"The boys had already come in—400 of them—and were shouting and acting pretty rudely, some of them. But when I started to speak they quieted down at once, and I had a really

marvelous response, speaking for an hour and fifteen minutes. Then Rosamond (Mrs. Cary) and I sang, '*I Would Be True*,' together. I had given it to them all."

(It was her habit to use this in speaking to students. The sheet she gave out to each one was printed on fine paper, with the picture of Sir Galahad on one page and the song, with the words in English and Japanese, on the other.)

"I spoke partly in English, as the Principal had requested I use English only—but Japanese predominated.

"I think the Principal, and a very fine Christian teacher who had come to hear me speak and see the film the day before, were much pleased. The faculty feared the boys would hoot me off the platform, as they treat speakers pretty roughly sometimes . . .

"I went from the Commercial School to a Middle School, very far away, to speak to the teachers. The principal is a Christian and wanted me to bring some spiritual influences to these teachers . . . They were a pretty hard-headed bunch and didn't have much of anything to say until it was past time to leave. Then they began to discuss the problems of men and women, marriage, etc., and it was hard to get away. And not only that, we had various hindrances so that I was nearly an hour late in getting to the banquet which was given in my honor at a foreign-style hotel. About thirty people sat down to a very nice foreign dinner, and of course I had to talk a lot there and then we had a discussion meeting which lasted until about half past nine. They took the little literature I had left. The W.C.T.U. members and I have ordered a lot more for them to sell, as there was not nearly literature enough. I have sold about 340 yen worth of literature so far."

That was written on the 27th of June. She continued:

"I have two meetings in Tokyo on the 4th and 5th, and shall probably take the Tsubame (express) Saturday a.m., which will get me home by nine o'clock Saturday night.

"Shall be mighty glad to get back, dearest. *Don't* go off over Sunday, please!!

"I sent back home an old kori donated by the Carys, with our two suitcases inside. One has a present of nice little apples. Please eat some of them—*not all*—before I get back. Hope letters have come from the children, and you can send them on to me, perhaps to Sendai . . . will be in Sendai on the 2nd and 3rd.

"Wish you could see the beautiful views of the sea, the mountains, fields, woods, I have seen today. Rosamond and Frank were so very kind and many women did much for me. Fear I shall be spoiled before I get home."

But she was not. I know, for I was there at the station in Okayama to meet her that memorable Saturday evening when the train pulled in at ten o'clock. She was tired, of course, but the next morning she was out at church as usual, hearing her husband preach, and commending the sermon, even though it was her husband's.

By this time the hot weather had set in and she always felt the heat terribly. Nevertheless, this year, nothing daunted, she plunged into a round of last meetings and calls and setting of the house to rights and packing up to leave, for in three weeks from the day she returned from her long bout of speaking we were together on board the ship that was to carry us to America for our much needed furlough.

If you think, reader, that all this facility of utterance—this extraordinary power that she developed, of standing before an audience and holding it in the hollow of her hand, was something that came by chance, or was a natural endowment, you should know that in her youth and even until she was an adult of mature years she was naturally diffident and shrank from addressing an audience of any kind. Indeed, she might almost be said to have had an inferiority complex which, happily, in later life, almost entirely disappeared, thanks to her unremitting struggle with herself to conquer her shyness.

As intimated above, our furlough was due in the summer of 1935. It was in high spirits, therefore, that she set out that summer for the homeland with her husband. It was hardly to rest, however, for no sooner had we reached Hawaii than she was importuned to make some addresses on her subject in the Japanese Language Schools and elsewhere in the islands, with the result that our stay was extended to seven weeks, during which time she visited four of the islands, spoke more than fifty times—nearly always in Japanese—and sold hundreds of dollars worth of books, reaping from all who were in any way concerned with the meetings, golden words of appreciation and love.

Passing on to the mainland she did much the same kind of work in Los Angeles and elsewhere along the Pacific Coast, speaking only to Japanese people.

That last furlough was a memorable one. After a few weeks on the Coast we journeyed east, finally settling down in Cleveland, in an apartment of our own near that occupied by three of the children. The period of a few months spent there with her children was a very happy experience for the devoted mother, but it was brought to a close all too soon by demands that were made upon us both, for speaking in various parts of the country, though a considerable part of the time was spent in the Missionary Home in Auburndale. Early in the year, 1937, after a brief visit with all of the children together in New York City, we set sail for "home" on the *Berengaria*, via Europe and the ports. In Europe, then, we had a delightful four weeks, visiting England, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, after which we took boat again for Ceylon and India where we had another two weeks with friends, before going on to return to our beloved Japan.

During the years 1937 and 1938, she was occupied for the most part with work on an important manuscript for a book which the National W.C.T.U. had asked her to write on Sex

Education. In writing this book the field she covered was very wide and the material was drawn, partly if not chiefly, from her own large experience, and the rest from the best books on the subject, including a library of some three or four hundred books and pamphlets in English which she had been collecting for a large number of years. These books, I am happy to say, have now been gathered together in one library and have been installed in the W.C.T.U. headquarters building as a Memorial Library, accessible to the entire English reading public of Japan.* (Note.)

I am glad to say, also, that as a result of her tireless efforts her precious book was finally completed only a few weeks before her death. In this work she was much indebted to her able and devoted secretary, Miss Yamaguchi, who translated the manuscript from the English as the writing proceeded, while her husband helped in the composition and typing. By dint of careful planning, also, the money needed for financing the venture was assured, the government censor's approval was secured and the printing was begun. If all goes well, therefore, before this July closes, this pioneer work of some 600 pages should be in the hands of the Japanese public, and thus will be brought to completion her great work in this new field. At the same time it will serve as a monument to her memory that will endure and inspire through all the coming years.

* *Note:* During the year 1938, in spite of her work on the manuscript, she was able to make four extended lecture tours, during which she made over sixty addresses, sold nearly a thousand yen worth of books and pamphlets, and spoke to over 6,000 people.

II

Her Life's Consummation

The Closing Days



THE 20th of April was her last full day on earth. It was not an extraordinary day. It was like all the rest that had preceded—a day that was filled with the ordinary round of busy activities—nothing more. No one who saw her that day would have said of her that she was anything other than an extremely active woman, but in radiant health.

Perhaps she was tired—more than any of us knew. She had worked long and hard on her precious book, the book that was to embody the best wisdom and experience of her many years. She had only just completed that. Perhaps the reaction then was too great.

But she was always so well. No one ever thought of her being anything else. Except at times of childbirth or when she was compelled to lie low on account of some operation or injury, I hardly remember her ever having been really sick since the day I married her.

With her usual energy and devotion, also, she had all but completed the task of nursing her husband back to health after his severe operation for mastoid early in March. For a full month she had gone back and forth to the hospital every day. But that was over. For three weeks he had been at home, and he was getting on well. Also she had attended, only a short time before the end came, the annual meeting of the W.C.T.U. in Kumamoto. It had been a hard journey—a night's travel each way—with no sleep either night—with three full days at the meeting between. She had made her contribution there, at each of the sessions, doubtless, in accordance with

her usual habit; so if she wasn't tired afterward she had a right to be.

But she had been back from that meeting for two weeks. Since then her days had been full, as usual, but no fuller. She was as well as usual, eating well, sleeping well. The evening of the 19th we went to the movies together. On the 20th she worked as usual; in the morning at her desk, reading Japanese with her secretary, and writing; in the afternoon talking at length—two hours or more—with a woman and her daughter who had come to her with an exceedingly distressing domestic problem that touched her heart deeply. After that we had a game of croquet together—my first since my illness—until she was called away by an errand at a neighbor's. In the evening she had started reading to me aloud—a frequent habit—when a fellow delegate to the convention came in to arrange with her for the giving of the report to the local branch at a meeting the next day but one. That conference finished, it was bedtime. I went first—my habit since my return from the hospital—though she followed me soon, to see that I was comfortable for the night, and again went downstairs before retiring herself in the adjoining room a short time later.

That was the last I knew until about 6:20 the next morning. Then she awakened me by coming into the room, holding her hand to her head and complaining of a terrible headache. Alarmed, I immediately got her into bed, she called for this and that, but already she was acting as one dazed. Soon she fell asleep, breathing heavily. I immediately called the servants, the doctor, and a good neighbor friend. But it was too late. The doctor made a thorough examination. It was a clear case of paralysis—hemorrhage of the brain. If she should awake during the next three or four hours there was hope. But she did not waken. Ten minutes of pain—when I first saw her—and then three hours of coma, and she was gone—gone, never again to open her eyes until she opened them in the presence of her

Father. But the beautiful look of peace on her beloved face remained, as a pledge, perhaps, that she had been accepted, and it grew ever more beautiful during all those ensuing days, before the last sad rites were performed.

That evening the friends gathered in—thirty or forty of them—loving hands placed the dear form in the casket and a brief service of Scripture, song, and prayer was held.

The next day the Mission friends began to arrive. Fifteen of them were present at the funeral on Sunday afternoon, all of them so tender, so loving! The funeral—should we not speak of it, rather, as her farewell reception?—began with a brief service at the house, among the flowers, in the presence of a few friends, mostly Mission friends, all of whom I asked, together with the foreign friends of the Okayama community, to sit with me as “my family.”

Mr. Ogawa, a beloved lay member of the church, led the service, so simply, so beautifully, the Bible Woman—lovely girl—played the organ—so effectively; a beloved rural pastor whom Genevieve shortly before had nursed back to health in our own home, read the Scripture, Psalm 23 and John 14, and dear old Mr. Hori of Doshisha offered the prayer—he had known her from babyhood. My boy, Yoshio Sarai—how I love the boy, and how he did everything for me those days—even more than an own son could have done—read the brief biography; and then Mr. Nishio—that prince of men, former Moderator of the Kumiai Churches, now ad interim pastor of the Okayama church—preached the sermon, and what a sermon it was! The power of love in a life, was his theme, drawn from I John 4:7, beginning, “Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God, and everyone that loveth is born of God and knoweth God.” He pointed to Genevieve then as a person whose chief characteristic was love—love born of faith and love—love for her beloved Savior, Christ. He told of her life of singular devotion, to husband, children, friends—and how now the

world had become a better place because she had lived in it, and heaven was nearer and dearer because she had gone to it.

After the sermon came the tributes, written, mostly, but sincere, each giving abundant proof of how much she was loved. Mr. Gillett, representing the Mission, had a place on the regular program. His tribute follows this account. Mr. Warren spoke less formally, in the name of the Board. He translated for the audience the substance of the English cablegrams that had come from each of the children, from the brothers and sisters, and from the Board. Dr. Meyers, a dear Methodist Mission brother living in Okayama, spoke so feelingly for us all, in English, while a number of Japanese spoke so affectionately, so satisfyingly.

At the crematory the concluding service consisted of a beautiful prayer in English by our dear Miss DeForest, nothing more. A month later a memorial service was held for her in the other and smaller church—our church—and it was well attended. On the 25th of May, all that was mortal of her whom we had all loved so dearly and so long was laid in a grave beside her father and mother and Mr. Neesima, under the great pine-trees that mark the most beautiful spot in the Nyakoji cemetery in Kyoto. Here in this city her early years were spent, so here it is peculiarly fitting that her ashes should rest through all the coming years.

DR. GILLETT'S TRIBUTE

Genevieve Davis Olds—born in Kobe sixty-five years ago and raised in Kyoto.

In the name of the Japan Commission of the American Board and so of the American Board missionaries in Japan, this tribute is offered to you—a devoted mother, loyal wife and helpmeet, and effective worker for our Master, Jesus Christ. "How radiantly your light shone; we thank God for your life."

Not only have you been an effective worker for the Kingdom, but it has been given you to pioneer in education for home life and home relationships.

To you it was given to be one of those carrying on the great spiritual heritage of the Davis family. As responsibilities in the home decreased you extended your activities into wider fields. Never dropping your concern as wife and mother, you sought to build up other truly Christian homes.

Your father said and believed that "the work for men in Japan must be done by women." While you were yet a child, the Doshisha Girls' School was started in your father's home. In that spirit you have given your life.

Not content with half-way measures, you were determined that your work should be thoroughly grounded in the best knowledge and experience available. Then through your peculiar ability to speak Japanese—an ability due not only to birth but to hard work and study—you spread ideas to tens of thousands. Also through your writing other thousands have been and will be reached. You have been laying foundations for a great Christian Home Education Movement.

Always interested in and concerned with women's problems and home building, you have been outstanding in the work for temperance and social purity.

Though our hearts are shocked and saddened by your physical passing, yet, in a larger sense, you are with us, inspiring and challenging us to higher, nobler living and work.

With humble hearts and bowed heads, we offer our inadequate but affectionate tribute.

III

The Qualities Her Husband Loved



WISH to be frank in this, and honest. I must be. I desire now to sift out some of the elements of her personality—the Genevieve I lived with, intimately, through thirty-seven happy years—that you may know her, too.

First of all I would put her peculiar power to love, for that was the mainspring of her character. It was no mere coincidence that so many at the funeral, in speaking of her, spoke of her love as her dominant and fundamental characteristic. It impressed itself upon people. Not because of what she said but because of what she did. She didn't talk much about love; she was too busy demonstrating it. *I* preached it; I had much to say about it as the soul of religion; *she* was quite content to *practice* it.

What wouldn't she do for people? She never thought of sparing herself if there was *anything* she could do for *anyone* else. She was always going the second mile—always doing more than anyone expected of her. During my own illness what worried me most was seeing her constantly devoting herself, beyond what it seemed to me was either necessary or even fitting, and all that she might thereby add an atom to my comfort. I feared for her. I knew that she was deeply anxious for me, a number of times, though she tried never to let me know that she was anxious. And so with everyone she met—everyone to whom she ministered. Their burden she made her own, feeling the weight of it often more deeply than did they themselves, and studying always, even more than they, to alleviate the fundamental condition. If it was advice or sympathy that was needed she was ready to talk by the hour, never

seeming to tire. If it was some illness or misfortune in the neighborhood, how soon one might find her there, with some tempting morsel from her own table, some appealing book, some intriguing tale, and proving thus to them that she really cared. Day in and day out it was always the same. Sometimes she would be tired out—completely exhausted by the duties of the day. But should there come at such a time some appeal for help, some case of need, immediately she was alert and ready, and ministering devotedly as though she were absolutely fresh.

I don't think I ever knew a person who seemed to take such sheer delight in people. Not that she did not have abundant resources within herself. She never wanted for something to do. Her hands were always full. She could hardly be happy unless they were, or unless she was pouring out her heart with someone in happy conversation—sharing her life with them. She could not be long among people without making advances to them, whether she knew them or not. In traveling, if she was alone, it would not be long before she would be seen *tete-a-tete* with her seat-mate, or the neighbor across the aisle, talking, talking of everything under the sun, but chiefly of things that mattered. It made no difference who it was—foreigner or Japanese, man or woman, young or old—before they knew it she was stealing into their hearts and opening up her own, and inspiring in them ideals that took hold of their lives. How often do I remember how, after returning home from some trip, she would begin at once to tell me of some new friend she had made on the journey and of what they had said to each other, and then how she would follow it up within a day or two with a letter or a book or some article that she had recommended her newly-made friend to read.

One of her constantly manifested characteristics was her perfect guilelessness. She never thought evil of anyone—never held a grudge—and she couldn't bear to have others think ill of her. Of course she discriminated. People were not all alike to

her. To some she was attracted: she gave herself to them. The others—well, they were nothing to her; she let them go. Her intuition served her here; it told her who were her kind; it told her also how to proceed with them. She was in the habit, therefore, of acting on her intuition.

But for those who did not attract her, even those who wronged her, there was no bitterness. She harbored no ill-will. If a case of flagrant injustice, whether to herself or to someone else, came to her notice, her quick sense of what was right caused her to speak up, sometimes hotly, in sharp rebuke; but that would be the end of it—no rancor, no resentment afterward. If it was someone she loved, who had been guilty of what in her eyes was offense, whether real or imaginary, she would immediately flare up and give him what he deserved or what she thought he did. Afterward, however, as soon as her temper had cooled, she would be all contrition. She would not wait for his apology; she would go to him and, with tears running down her cheeks, she would beg him to forgive her for her unseemly attack. One couldn't quarrel, therefore, with such a woman, and keep it up—she was too guileless.

Those who knew her father knew where she got her impulsiveness. He was just as quick to give expression to his feelings—to burst out against every offense to what he believed to be the right—and just as quick to melt in contrition and tenderness afterward. Doubtless Genevieve had a time of it with that inherited temper of hers before she got it under control, as the incident of her childhood, of which she was so fond of telling, would indicate.

“When we were children,” she would begin, “I one day scratched Merle and he bit me, whereupon our mild-tempered mother got a card and wrote on it the word ‘cat,’ which she pinned on my back, and another, on which she wrote the word ‘dog,’ and pinned on Merle’s back, and these we had to wear all day long; and we had guests for dinner, too.”

She tells also how, on occasion, when things crossed her, she would throw herself flat on the floor and lie there yelling and screaming with rage until she got over it. In later life, however, there were but few exhibitions of temper, and then, when she did let herself go, it was because the occasion demanded it, and often, doubtless, those of us who stood by and saw it, wished that we, too, had spunk enough to show how we felt. It often takes a thunderstorm to clear the air, but when the rainbow comes out afterward, flooding the scene with the storm's inner glory, we feel thankful perhaps for the storm. And so it was in Genevieve's case.

Another element of her charm was her highly developed sense of orderliness. With her everything had to be in its place. Her inner being demanded that it be so. She had a perfect passion for setting things right and a genius for accomplishing her objective. Her desk, when she left it for the night, was in order, everything in its place—nothing cluttering up the top of it. The same with the room—every room in the house—order. The daintily set table, always just so; the wash-room, the halls, even the closets—the same. But she didn't interfere with others. My study—that was my territory; the kitchen, that was the beloved, trusted, cook's. Nothing was ever said there. Still, the rest of us couldn't help catching her spirit.

After it was all over, I had the duty of going over her desk, her drawers, her clothes-closets. Everything in perfect order. The Mission ladies who came down to help me, remarked on it. "What a wonderful housekeeper she must have been!" they said, "and yet we never thought of her as being finicky about order." Just so. It was her native habit of mind—the condition for her doing her work smoothly, quickly, effectively; but she never obtruded it upon others, so that they would even be impressed by it.

How she did love nature, and rejoice in the out-of-doors! And what a saving element it was for her! Often she would be

tired, nervous, anxious. An excursion of half a day, off in the mountains, was all that was needed to restore her, or even a short walk, oftentimes, with her husband or one of the children or a friend. On such occasions she would seem literally to drink in the beauty around her—the trees, the birds, the flowers—and, as the beauty struck in, the weariness and the anxiety would seem to pass out, fairly oozing from every pore. She always loved picnics, though she seemed seldom able to plan it so as to take the time for them. She would talk about it—become all excited over some plan that was proposed, but when it came to the moment of departure—how often—something would come up, some unforeseen but imperious duty, and the excursion would have to be given up.

She would grieve then, that *her* family never seemed to be able to control these things as had been done in her *father's* family, when she was a little girl. "My father," she would tell us, "always planned to take Saturdays off with us children and go with us on a picnic or somewhere every week. And we not only planned it," she would continue, "we went. The other children of the Mission, and their fathers, would *plan* to go, but if a storm came up or if it was a bad day, they gave it up. But we *went*, rain or shine. And we always had a good time, too."

She seemed always able to conquer the physical in a rather unusual way, never letting any mere indisposition of any kind interfere with her arranged plans. Once, while in the midst of a busy lecture campaign in Kobe, she had the misfortune to slip and fall on a loose rug, injuring her knee quite badly. It was extremely painful and it was some months before she was entirely over it. But she did not let such a little episode as that interfere with her program. She writes of it in her dairy: "Had a bad fall on my knee. Evening lecture meeting at big Kaiinkaikan Hall. Iwama San and I both spoke—about 200 came." Since hers was the main lecture, she must have spoken, if she

followed her usual custom, for well over an hour. She must have been suffering from her injury not a little, also, for in the entry of the next day she writes: "Spoke to fifteen boys in training for clerks of the Cooperative Association. Nonaka San took me to Japanese surgeon. Feared some internal injury. Went out to Kobe College—spoke to about 200 college girls—Evening spoke at Kagawa's church." The next day also she was going full tilt, among other things, speaking for two hours to a greatly interested group of forty women. So it went for three days more before at last she turned her face homewards. You can imagine how her husband felt when he heard the tale and saw her, even then, go limping with difficulty about the house.

I well remember when, on another occasion, while in the midst of another campaign in Kobe, she was hit by a carelessly thrown baseball as she was walking along a street. It struck her full in the face, just under her glasses, which it fortunately missed. Discoloration and swelling immediately took place, and she must have been a sorry sight indeed. She had a meeting that evening at which she had been expected to speak at length, and speak she did, as nonchalantly as though nothing had occurred, following it the next day with a number of other appointments.

Often in the midst of her round of speaking engagements, her digestive system would go back on her and she would have to fast—going almost entirely without food for days at a time. On top of that, also, she would have times when she could not get her full amount of sleep, either because of the lateness of the hour when she returned from her evening meetings, or from weariness so great that it precluded sleep. But none of these things, either, made any difference in her arranged program.

Fortunately, she was quick to recuperate from any undue strain. She would often come home completely exhausted from

her labors, but bright and smiling still. A few days of rest and relaxation would put her back then where she was before, and off she would go for another gruelling campaign.

The real secret of her life must be looked for in her religion, and what that religion was a few extracts from her note-book will disclose.

She had been studying the third chapter of Philippians, it seems, and this is what we find written: "We, too, could rely on '*outward privileges*': a missionary of long standing, lecturer, well-known in the community, graduate of a university, a good status in the United States—am I *proud* of all these things? But have I measured life by *Christ's*? The privilege to *suffer* with Christ. The triumph of eternal life with him—my nature *transformed—to die as he died*. Forget all the years of *half* service, and press on into the *fulness* of life with Christ. I have been *appropriated, myself,, by Christ Jesus*."

She grew, manifestly, during the last year of her life. Was it the Oxford Group that did it? At any rate, it seems evident from what kind of sources she drew her increasing spiritual power. For instance, she seems to have lived in the atmosphere of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Three times within six months we find entries based on her study of that chapter. On April 30th she makes note of certain qualities that she finds suggested there that appeal to her strongly. On May 25th she writes apropos of verses 1 and following: "No matter how good a speaker I may be, without real love my work is in vain. Faith—faith so strong that it can remove mountains, without love, is useless. Benevolence, martyrdom—these, too, count for nothing. What does *love* do for us?

1. It makes us patient and kind.
2. Keeps from jealousy.
3. Does not boast.
4. Is not proud.
5. Is never rude.

6. Is never irritated.
7. Is never selfish.
8. Is never resentful.
9. Is never glad at others' failures.
10. Is made glad by goodness.
11. Is slow to expose the faults of others.
12. Is eager to believe the *best*.
13. Is always hopeful.
14. Is always patient.
15. Love never ceases."

How the list sums up her life! And then, in conclusion, she adds: "verse 11—Am I done with childish things?" Always going on, to the very end!

On September 20th she writes again, still with the same chapter in view—and it is significant how she begins again with what concerns her most, the life of a public speaker—for there is nothing she so desired for herself as to be an effective public speaker.

Even if I am an eloquent public speaker, if I haven't a loving spirit, it is all discordant display.

Although I am ready to give away all that I possess, and die a martyr's death, without this loving spirit it is no use.

Love makes one kind, patient, is not jealous, is never rude, selfish, irritable, resentful.

When one loves one cannot be glad over others' failures.

Love rejoices in goodness, always believes in the *best* in people, is hopeful, patient.

Love, unlike prophecy, and knowledge, always is the same; it is perfect where these others are imperfect.

I am a woman now and can understand fully—I am no longer a child.

Now we cannot know the whole of love—only a semblance of it.

Every day I am gaining in love—but in the eternal life I shall understand the fulness of God's love. The eternal verities are faith and hope and love. But love is the *greatest* of all.

Indeed so, and isn't that why we loved her so much?

A years before her death she was greatly concerned over the continued ill-health of Mrs. Hamilton, wife of the teacher of

English in the local Government College. She was away from her English home, far from all her friends, she was lonely, she hadn't been really well since she came six months before. Furthermore, she was totally without the consolations of religion. It preyed on Genevieve's mind, especially as she became more seriously ill and had to be taken to the hospital. But Genevieve was in frequent attendance there, sitting at her bedside and trying in every possible way to relieve the conditions and to give her comfort and help. She longed most of all to be able to impart to the poor dying woman something of her own confident, buoyant faith. Day after day, the notebook that she used in her morning quiet time reveals the great longing of her soul for Mrs. Hamilton, and how much she was in prayer for guidance that she might truly help her. The end came at last. Nothing could be done to save her. But there was peace on the quiet face as she lay there. It made a great impression upon Genevieve. She spoke of it to the girl's young husband, and to others, repeatedly. What she wrote in her diary was simply this: "Her face was *beautiful*—a lovely smile! She had gone home!"

Yes, and now she, too, has *gone home*, wearing her own lovely smile—awake now in the presence of that *full* love that she wanted so much to understand!

IV

Wreaths of Roses

SPONTANEOUS TRIBUTES FROM FRIENDS



THE letters from which the following extracts were taken are but a few of the many that have come in—practically all of them before my leaving Japan on the 12th of June, less than two months after her death. These extracts are chosen almost solely because of their interpretative value in the delineation of her character and influence.

All except the first two letters were addressed to me personally, and so were of course not intended for publication. Only Dr. DeForest's letter is given in its entirety. In this one case it was thought best not to mar the complete picture that it gives, by abbreviation.

The letters first received appear first, beginning with those from members of the Mission. Of those that have come from abroad, the family letters are given first.

Had there been any thought of collecting tributes the result would have been very different, As it is, many of our most intimate friends either did not write at all because they saw me at the funeral or elsewhere, or if they did write they simply expressed their sympathy with me, without a thought of trying to tell what her life had meant to them. Consequently such letters do not appear. The expressions that are included were entirely spontaneous and have come, in every case, I have no doubt, out of full hearts.

Miss Charlotte B. DeForest, President of Kobe College and a life-long friend. (The letter was written for "Genevieve's Dear Ones.")

Dear Friends All:

It was my privilege to spend a week-end with the Oldses in Okayama in March when Burnell was still in the hospital, when Genevieve and the maid and the messenger man were skilfully arranging the meals between the home kitchen and the hospital. And I was a guest at two meals in the patient's room, around a card-table set up for the purpose, as well as a guest for two breakfasts in the Kadotayashiki home.

After one of those breakfasts Genevieve showed me the manuscript of her forthcoming book on "Sex Education in Japan," and a number out of the many reference books that she had collected and used on the subject for years. I was tremendously impressed by the extent of the task upon which she had been engaged and I could not but hope for the book a nation-wide use in its Japanese form, and even an international use in the English. Then we played Handel's Surprise Symphony together as a piano duet, she encouraging me to think optimistically of the results my much disused piano fingers were accomplishing. She showed me the photographs also of all the children and told me what they were doing. Then, after those delightful hours of fellowship at the home and the hospital, I came back to my work at the college with a delightful sense of refreshment in the renewed contact with an old friend and a high plane of living.

When the word reached me on April 21 that she had left us that morning, how happy I was in the thought of that recent visit and what it had given me to remember her by! And I went to Okayama the next day feeling just like a member of the family; that feeling is one of the specialties of our American Board Mission, you know. And when Burnell asked me to say the "aisatsu" at the close of the funeral service—the thanking of the guests who had come, expressing appreciation for what her friends had done for her in her life, and requesting of them a continuance of their kindness to those who are left—I felt it a great privilege. I had thought I was perhaps the person who had known Genevieve longest, but I could not compete, I found, with Mr. Hori, the Doshisha chaplain who offered the prayer at the funeral. He said he had known Genevieve since she was a year and a half old, and since she was five years older than I, you see I had to resign my claim.

My girlhood memory of her is of how tall those two Davis girls were and how much longer their braids of yellow hair were than my brown braid. There was too much difference in age then; but after we became missionaries in the same field, we knew each other better.

I wish you could all have seen and heard the tributes given to her, both formally and informally, as an "ai no hito," a person of whom love was a fundamental characteristic. One Japanese lady (I took it to be a close neighbor) who came in to look at her face as it lay so naturally and beautifully at rest in the casket, talked to her in the same voice she would have used to the living: "Why, Okusan, you look just as you always did! Why don't you say something to me?" She did indeed look

just like herself in her becoming green gown and the soft flowers around her head against the white ruffled pillow.

Miss Kajiro's tribute at the funeral spoke of the many things she had done for the local women's societies, and she told me afterward that they did not see what they were going to do now that they had lost such a leader and cooperator. Just a day or two before her death Genevieve had made cookies for a meeting of the W.C.T.U. ladies. They thought of giving up the meeting, but decided to go on with it in her spirit, and they shared the cookies, with grateful thoughts of her.

Mrs. Kubushiro of the National W.C.T.U. came from Tokyo for the funeral, and in her tribute in front of the casket she pledged the W.C.T.U. to carry on and spread the work of sex education for which Genevieve had given her ripest working years. She was the national pioneer in that line, and, as some one pointed out, has probably, with her large and varied audiences all over the empire, spoken to more people than any other woman missionary in Japan.

But more than anything else the thing that struck deepest into people's hearts at the funeral was the story of her devoted life as a mother, and the echo that that devotion brought in the warm cable messages from her children in America. Rev. Kotaro Nishio, the "grand old man" of the Kumiai forces in Japan, preached the funeral sermon with ease and grace when he was concerned with the story of Genevieve's father and incidental facts about her. But when he told of her long, almost weekly letters written to each child in the midst of her busy missionary life, and when he told of Charlie's cablegram, "We will carry on Mother's ideals," his fine old face began to work and he could but with difficulty control his voice to finish.

And then there was the message from the members of the foreign community who felt that they had indeed lost a mother and a sister, and who will long retain the memory of her friendliness and readiness to help.

I came away from Okayama with a sense of spiritual exaltation. Burnell's face when I met him showed that he was living in the live consciousness of the unseen world; and in the little prayer service that some of us joined in in the upper room that last morning, he spoke of the overwhelming sense of gratitude in his heart for her life; of her devotion; and of the utter purity of her own heart that had made possible the effectiveness of her work for social purity. My own comment is, Blessed are the pure in heart, for they need not wait for heaven in order to see God. The daily morning quiet time that she and Burnell kept together was surely a great force in forging that spiritual greatness of which one became conscious during those hours in Okayama. Their experience witnesses to me of the need and the privilege that such a quiet time is.

Irving and Louise's cable said, "Our mother lives anew," and so let us all live anew, too, in the sense of having even a corner of her mantle fall on us to carry on, each in his or her place, for the Kingdom of God

Miss Katherine Fanning (in a letter to daughter Genevieve).

I am so glad that I have many happy memories of your fine mother, all of them of her activity and energy and creative joy in doing and helping others where they most needed it. What splendid things those qualities are—hers so fully! And her great love for and interest in you four and your four families is a thing to remember with thankfulness, for she was so deeply interested in others' families and problems too. Her hopefulness and high idealism for you all was as real as her pride in you. I do treasure the considerable number of times when she has talked to me of you all—of her hopes, perhaps of some fears, but always her belief in your best. You have had wonderful trails blazed before you in your grandparents and parents, and so you have dear ones ahead and waiting, as well as behind, to comfort and be comforted. I hope you can say as my mother said to me after father's going, "I am so rich in memories—so I sha'n't mourn or be unhappy—just lonesome.

Miss Katherine Merrill (Matsuyama).

I can send you deep sympathy but I want also to express my appreciation of her friendship, and to pay tribute to your wife now.

During the past year, three times have I enjoyed the hospitality of your home, and once we had her here in Matsuyama for ten days; so I feel that I am rich in memories.

I am glad to have shared your happy home life, and through her enthusiasm to see the happy homes of her—of your—children. I am glad that she had the joy of seeing them all happily settled. That was a great satisfaction to her. She delighted so in their pictures, and seemed to be more closely united, more keenly interested in all their activities than many others who are so far separated from their children.

Others will, of course, speak far more ably than I of her work in these last years, of the strong wish of her heart to make possible truly happy, blessed homes for the people of this land, and of how she threw herself unreservedly into that work, with amazing energy, traveling, speaking, and writing. But I must add to it my tribute here.

I am so glad that she could come to us in Matsuyama and reach so many lives. When I stop to think of the thousands that have heard her all over this land, and in other countries, too, it seems to me that her influence is almost endless. How many homes will be the better in the years to come!

How glad I am that her book has been finished! That, too, will carry on her thoughts and hopes and message to other thousands, we hope.

Mrs. Cora Keith Warren (Kyoto).

As we think of Genevieve there are so many things to rejoice in. How glad she was to be well, and free to be with you through your hospital experience and to be able to help you until you were well along toward health. And she has been a helpful friend to so many. And through these

later years she has served so large a number—no one will ever find any way to measure that service. The intensive work on her manuscript was completed also. Every human thought would have expected more years of increasing service, but in her going now we must see the work of the Supreme Love—for her, for you, for her friends and for the larger circle . . .

As her life fulfilled the benediction: "Be thou a blessing," we pray that your own may continue to be a blessing, increasingly, through the coming years.

Darley Downs (Tokyo—the Mission Secretary).

It certainly seemed that there should have been chance for many more years of the notable service Mrs. Olds was rendering, but at least we can all be thankful for the number of years she did have and the high quality of her work.

Miss Olive Hoyt (President of Matsuyama Girls' School).

Mrs. Olds' enthusiasm and joyousness have always been an inspiration to me. She seemed to be so able to live on a high and joyful level that it meant victorious living.

Miss Florence Denton (Doshisha Girls' School).

While I was ill I had such a lovely note from your dear wife. She has always been so wonderful to me, and I just can't realize that life must go on without her. I am sorry for your children so far away, and for Merle who loved her so devotedly.

The Davis children are always set apart for me—not like the rest of us, accepting the lesser things—but the flag flung high (indeed to the Doshisha gates, her father always told us). We need her in the days ahead of us.

Miss Frances B. Clapp (Doshisha, in Kyoto).

Tonight as we sang at our girls' vesper service, "I would be true," I thought of how great a favorite that song was with her. I am sure that was a sort of motto for her life.

Miss Isabelle MacCausland (Kobe College).

I told my college W.C.T.U. Branch about her life and good deeds today and showed them the lovely picture of Mary (Madonna) I have to remember her by—also talked to a dormitory prayer meeting group about her. You may be sure her good deeds will live on and her memory be fresh in many hearts.

FROM FRIENDS OUTSIDE OF THE MISSION

Gilbert Bowles (Friends Mission).

All who had the privilege of knowing Mrs. Olds have the deeper sense of sympathy with you in your great loss.

Mrs. Gilbert Bowles (Friends Mission).

Must we go on without our dear Mrs. Olds? Somehow we seem to need her, especially at a time like this.

Sister Mary Kostka (Principal of the Catholic Girls' School in Okayama).

Today I want so much to express my very sincere sympathy upon the loss that is yours in the death of your exemplary wife.

The news came to me as a great shock, and all the Sisters expressed the deepest regret upon hearing the said news . . .

We have all remembered the soul of your devoted wife in earnest prayer, and promise to give you a large share in our suffrages also.

C. J. L. Bates (President of Kansei Gakuin University).

Genevieve's home-going—it was a great surprise to me. What a reminder of the futility of reliance on anything here below! The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee and give thee peace.

Percy Price (United Church of Canada friend).

It was something I never dreamed of, as she seemed so much stronger than you. May God's comfort and hope surround you.

J. Howard Covell (a Baptist friend).

Her race was well run, and her home-going must have for all of us a note of heavenly reward in it.

W. J. M. Cragg (Church of Canada friend).

We thought a great deal of her, and greatly admired her for the work she did.

E. C. Henniger (Church of Canada and Temperance Worker friend).

Mrs. Olds had done and was doing, such a unique piece of work. The Purity cause will be much poorer without her. Yet I am sure she is looking down on us and our work from a higher world.

Katherine Buchanan (Presbyterian Mission friend).

Her service among the youth of Japan was unique, and I do not know of another missionary who is equipped either in language or training to carry on her special service to the young people of Japan. She truly gave her life for the people of this land, and I know her memory will ever be treasured in their hearts.

Charles W. Iglehart (Methodist Mission friend).

It must be a deep comfort to you to realize that Mrs. Olds' great life

work will go on into the next generation, and particularly now, with the publication of her splendid book, it will have added permanence.

Miss Elizabeth Upton (Episcopal friend).

Mrs. Olds came to Omiya two years ago and I simply marvelled at her endurance, and think probably she gave too generously of her strength to us all. The mothers still speak of her talk. I think probably the work she thought was hers to do will be done now by her death in a way that perhaps years of work could not have done, for every one will want to buy a copy of the new book. And so it will prove again that no man has greater love than he who lays down his life.

Carl Nugent (German Reformed Mission friend).

In her death we have lost a friend whom we valued highly and we sympathize with you sincerely. Mrs. Olds' work in sex education is a unique contribution toward the social uplift of the Japanese people, based as it was on her Christian faith, and reinforced, wherever she went, by her attractive personality.

Mrs. J. F. Gressitt (Baptist Mission friend).

Telegram:

How radiantly her light shone. We thank God for her life.

LETTERS FROM THE FAMILY

Horace Irving Olds (our oldest son—written April 22).

What a mother she has been! Selfless to the limit, and a challenger. . . . And now she goes on ahead to the more real world, to work and strive there and to urge us all on to our goals and her wonderful ideals. We will all now make her and you glow with joy and pride because of what we shall now strive to attain.

It is hard for us to bear this, for selfish reasons, but we know and rejoice to know that Mother finished her work gloriously and faithfully.

(From Irving's later letters). Mother's great spirit of warmth and love I know is near you, as it is near each of us, and we feel, all of us, the desire and the urge to truly accomplish now what she would like to have us her children do . . .

We all have such precious memories of Mother, stored away fast and dear within our hearts, to take out and look at from time to time . . .

Your letter has just come telling of Mother's passing. It was a letter most wonderfully written, and every line was full of meaning and contained all that I wanted to know, between the lines as well as in the lines. I can see how you have been able to look into the future with Mother and have been lifted up into the presence of more than our present limited life here. What a glorious and wonderful way of going on into the next life! We are very happy, as you are, that our beloved

Mother could go on to the next life in such calm and naturalness. Such an experience as you have had of seeing a beautiful person, such as Mother was, pass from living to radiant immortality is rare and wonderful.

I have felt a great strengthening of purpose and determination for the carrying out of Mother's ideals and what she stood for.

(Later.) We feel here a power has been released from Mother to us in stimulating us to our highest ideals, and the fulfillment of what we hold as best.

Edward Bosworth Olds (second son).

We can all be proud of the wonderful life Mother lived. She did more in her one life than most women do in ten lives. In addition, she brought four children into the world who are attempting to do their best to keep the traditions alive of making the world a better place to live in.

Although physically, she is dead, she yet lives in the lives of the thousands of people who have worked with her and have been touched by her message. She also lives on in a physical sense in her four children who will carry her germplasm on into eternity. Her writings will undoubtedly mean more to the Japanese people as time goes on.

Charles Burnell Olds, Jr. (third son).

Perhaps it is not until we lose someone that we realize how fine and wonderful that person is. Now I look back to my childhood, and even up to a year or so ago, and I realize how wise, understanding, generous and loving Mother was. She, and you also, have sacrificed immensely for the welfare of us kids. We will surely never forget it . . .

I am so glad that she knew that I had found the girl that was my ideal for marriage and that she could know Doris through a few letters. I had hoped that she could meet and know Doris further, but I feel secure in knowing that she approved of my choice.

We know that Mother has been a wonderful help and inspiration to you as wife and companion. Doris and I hope that we may develop a deep and mature relationship such as you and Mother had. We know that Mother's inspiration to you has not ended with her physical death but will help you to carry on.

We can imagine the hundreds and thousands of persons in Japan and elsewhere who appreciate the wonderful work Mother has done. We are so glad that her book was completed and that it will be a lasting contribution by which the people will remember her.

Genevieve Olds Haynes (our only daughter).

It is hard not to be deeply grieved for selfish reasons, for I loved Mother so dearly and regretted so much not being able to see more of both of you in these last years.

As Irving says also, Mother died at a time when her life work was completed. She has done a great pioneering work and all her life she has thought only of serving others and giving the most of her strength and energy. What a wonderful example she has been for all of us! I am proud to have known her and had her for a mother. But Father, it is so hard to believe that it is finished! She will always be an inspiration to me.

Isn't it wonderful that we can always carry in our minds and hearts the picture of her energy and zeal and enthusiasm for her work and her youthful spirit. It is a blessing that her end was as she wanted it to be while she was young in years and mind and spirit!

(Genevieve gives an account then of the reunion of the four children and their wives or husbands, in Pittsburgh, in Edward's home, a week after their mother's death, on her birthday. They talked together of various ways in which they might possibly unite in establishing some lasting memorial for their mother but rejected all suggestions made as inadequate until they all decided to unite in dedicating themselves henceforth to a more thorough-going study of Japan, that they might understand her and her needs and do everything possible to advance her truest interests, as their mother had always done. In a later letter, after receiving my letter telling of the funeral, she writes):

I'm glad that love was mentioned so frequently as the keynote of her life, for certainly she was the embodiment of love to us children and to all who knew her. I have been reading over some of her letters from several years back (I regret that I didn't keep them all) and through them all there is the same keen interest in our lives—sympathy for us in our sorrows, joy for us in our joys—as well as the vivid picture of her work and all her varied activities.

Irv and Louise have certainly helped me to gain a more rational picture of the situation with you in Japan and have strengthened me in the belief that we are not to mourn Mother's passing but rather to take courage and inspiration from her work.

Louise Wrockloff Olds (Irving's wife).

Although neither Irv nor Charlie are inclined to a religious vocabulary, they have clearly realized that the vibrant, thrilling, loving personality that is Mother goes on. And how they love her and appreciate her. It is very unusual for children to see their parents as clearly as both Irv and Charlie do, and admire and love them so truly . . . Oh Father, you can be so very proud of your sons and daughters—such clean, up-standing men and women, with purpose, ability and determination!

Doris Pinney Olds (Charlie's wife).

Although I never met Mother in person, I certainly feel that I know her and have really become a daughter to her in the few months I was sharing her fine understanding letters. I am sure that a splendid relationship would have developed between us, if I had had the privilege of knowing her. But I feel that the son of hers and yours whom I am coming to know so well, lives out in full measure the spirit and ideals he saw in you and her, and in that way I feel I know you both. I hope it may be soon that you and I meet in reality.

Helen Davis Chandler (Genevieve's sister).

When we tried to find a word or two to send you a cabled message, how poor and inadequate words seemed. Yet your heart told you that we are reaching out in love and yearning and prayer—sharing with you the inspiration and gratitude of a life like Genevieve's. She gave and gave unstintedly of all she had, her time and strength and resources. I know that for a long time she had kept going hard, these many years, when her body's need was to slow up. But she wasn't made that way . . .

Only knowing the barest outstanding fact that she has left us—and feeling as the "little sister" must to whom she has always been so specially dear and good—yet for me, usually far in space, she seems somehow now still near, perhaps nearer by far than when an ocean rolled between. I have been living these days since the word came, with a sense of being more in the world of spirit than in the physical world . . . A dozen times a day I have stopped a bit, to be aware of the beauty and love and surety which is as the air of that unseen world I live in, unaware so much of the time. And Genevieve has added to it all the moral and spiritual achievement of her life—given all that to us in a new way since she left the physical.

(A later letter.) Many, many letters about Genevieve, showing the love and admiration of folks, are coming to me these days. What then must be coming to you! I hope they will be a great comfort to you. I can hardly begin to think of the ways in which her Japanese friends everywhere will try to express themselves.

Robert Chandler (Helen's husband).

Very grateful I am—we are—that we had our last time with you both in your own home, in Okayama. What a gracious place it was, and how she and you did for us all! The beauty, the comfort, the time together—it is a lovely memory. And we caught a glimpse, though only a glimpse, of what she and your home have meant in the lives of many, many Japanese friends.

J. Merle Davis (Genevieve's brother).

I cannot make it seem real at all that Genevieve has left us. Of all our family, she in some respects, seemed most vital and active. I like to

reflect that she has not left us, but is doubtless very near her loved ones and the work to which she gave such devoted service.

I was closer to Genevieve in years than my other sisters and brothers and we were very near each other in school and in our interests, particularly during our high school and college years. I like to think back to that period when we were companions. I have always had a special place in my heart for my chum sister, which brings back many sweet memories.

Jerome Davis (Genevieve's brother).

It came to us all as a deep loss to hear the news about Genevieve. We were consoled to some extent with the thought that she had accomplished in her life more than most. Hers and your children are all going forward, the work in Japan has made its mark and will always live.

Mildred Davis (Jerome's wife).

It must be a great comfort to you to touch at so many points the wide usefulness, and unique contributions which Genevieve's life created. How glorious that is!

Patty Davis (Jerome and Mildred's daughter of 15).

I have such a beautiful memory of Aunt Genevieve and your visit with us in Maine! I hope that my life will do as much as hers has done.

Alice (Mrs. F. E.) Pearsall (Genevieve's cousin).

Genevieve and I were always pals and her letters have always kept me in touch with all the Davis family, as well as her own.

I have worried about the strenuous life that she has been leading for some time past but was sure she had been given extra endurance because her life was so very fruitful. She has done a grand work in the world and if she was called to her rest early she has accomplished more than the most of us could in two lives.

BURNELL'S FAMILY

Otis C. Olds (Burnell's brother).

The sad news that reached us late Friday night was a great shock to us, as you may well believe. We had no intimation that Genevieve was unwell . . . It is hard for you to be so far from us and from your children at a time like this. It takes so many weeks for word to come from you and letters to go back. Now is the time that you need our sympathy and not two weeks from now. But you know that we do sympathize with you, and wish that we might prove it.

Helen C. Olds (Otis' wife).

You have been much in our thoughts since that cable came, and we

were so glad to get your letter, yesterday. You are taking this just as I knew you would—like a real Christian—forgetting as much as possible your own loss and rejoicing in her transition. To go so easily, with no fear, no pain, no long illness, is what most of us would want for ourselves and should not begrudge to another.

Alice Olds Teall (Burnell's sister).

Your letter came yesterday telling us of the beautiful way in which Genevieve left us. I am so sorry for you, left alone without such a faithful and loyal companion to help you, but what a wonderful way of ending a wonderful life of helpfulness and love.

Bessie Olds Ellis (Burnell's sister).

Genevieve has been my sister for so long that it seems just as if she had always belonged. And how good she has always been to all of us—writing, giving, helping in so many ways!

Miss Caryl E. Olds (Burnell's sister).

Your letter, telling of Genevieve's last moments, and the last services performed for her by multitudinous friends, has reached us.

I wonder that you were equal to writing so much, for your letter was a marvel in giving the details we all wanted to know, together with its summation of the mainspring of her life and character. It was not only a remarkable appraisal for any husband, but a very just one, so far as my knowledge has gone. You have truly been a most fortunate man, and in her death you are not divided . . . I know that your joy no man taketh from you.

Laura Olds Inglis (Otis' daughter).

A letter from Father yesterday came bringing the unbelievable news of Aunt Genevieve's death. She is so vital, so full of energy and enthusiasm that it is hard to know how many her radiant life has kindled. No one will ever know all the inspiration she has been to countless lives, just in being herself.

How glad I am that I and my family were privileged to know her! You probably have no idea how many times I have claimed with pride my close relationship to you two . . .

But Genevieve can never die. She is too vital for that, and people who are truly mated can never be separated, I believe; and surely your mating was far above the average. We are thankful for such lives as yours and hers, and that their influence is eternal.

OTHER LETTERS FROM AMERICA

Miss Sarah Field (Mission friend, on furlough in America).

I read with tears, of the sheer beauty of her going. She is a new bond with that near, dear, Unknown Country—"And this is life eternal

that they might know Thee."—It is lives like that by which we do know God.

Mrs. C. P. Garman (Mission friend on furlough).

It was always an inspiration to be with her and to hear of her plans for her work and the progress she was making. The great pity is that there is no one of our group, or any other, so far as I know, on whom her mantle can fall. Her ability with the language and the ease with which she made friends, made a combination that is difficult to find amongst married missionary women.

Enoch F. Bell (formerly a member of the Mission, now Board Secretary).

Genevieve was a wonderful spirit. She had a good deal of that moral ruggedness that her father was endowed with. She had a tremendous amount of his devotion and you might almost say warlike determination to fight for righteousness. At the same time she was very adaptable, I judge. At any rate, she always seemed to be matching her method to the need of the hour.

She will be greatly honored in memory by thousands of women throughout Japan. She will live long in their lives and in the life of the country. She has built well and her building will abide.

Miss Alice Cary (Mission friend on furlough; temporarily, Board Secretary).

I cannot yet make it seem real that Genevieve has slipped away from us. She was always such a vital person, so ready with her enthusiasm to help whenever and wherever the call came. We shall never know how many young people she has helped, nor how much happier countless homes are because of the work she gave herself to so whole-heartedly, but we do know that there are many, many who will call her blessed, and will mourn her going.

Mrs. Anna W. Bennett (an especially intimate Mission friend, on furlough).

I have prayed for your children that, as they call to loving remembrance their mother and their priceless Christian heritage, they may be blessed and drawn nearer to God. You and we have the same deep longing for our children . . .

Dear Genevieve! Always a true, loving, helpful friend, all these years! Among all the words of loving appreciation concerning her lifelong effectiveness as a missionary, I am sure the loving appreciation of a friend, to whom she ministered in sickness and in health, with loving care and understanding sympathy, will be welcome to you. I never can forget her, and I look forward to the joy of renewing the companionship in our Father's House of many Mansions.

Miss Susan A. Searle (former President of Kobe College).

When I first went to Japan, Genevieve was twelve or thirteen years old, just the age of my youngest sister, and reminded me very much of her; so I have always had a special tenderness for her. The day after Easter that same sister went home to the Father's House. I wonder if they have not met. I wish it might be so.

Miss Ethelwyn Charles (Genevieve's intimate college friend).

The sad news has reached me that Genevieve has left us. I shall sorely miss the loyal friendship of these many years. The world seems so much poorer even though such great distance separated us. I hope that she had the satisfaction of finishing her book so that her influence will go on in new lives as well as in those whom she has personally touched.

Mrs. Mary R. Carver (Missionary Secretary in Boston).

She was so alive and seemed to be able to stand so much hard work and traveling that I can hardly believe she is gone.

Miss Rose Elliott (a friend, living with Caryl Olds).

Genevieve, the Indefatigable! It is inconceivable that she should have had to lay down her work that was so vital to her.

Hermon C. Cooper (Burnell's college classmate).

You can be thankful that she wasn't the one to be left alone. I am sure you will often be able to feel that she is going ahead with you in your work. Maybe the experience will enrich your life, that your influence and effectiveness will be noticeably greater than ever. At any rate I am praying for your guidance.

William R. Dixon (Burnell's college classmate).

We will always think of her as such a dear, loving, capable woman, so bright and cheery, and one who has stood by you so finely, and did so much for the kiddies of the Rising Sun Empire.

Mrs. Fanny B. Cobb (a loyal friend in the Old South Church, Worcester, Mass.).

I am so glad the *book* was completed; it meant so much to her. I am so glad I have known her.

G. Sidney Phelps (former Y.M.C.A. Secretary in Japan).

Genevieve was very dear to us. She was one of the very first friends that we made in Japan, through the good offices of her father, who himself meant so much to us. It was in his house that I spent my first night in Kyoto, in 1902. Her vivaciousness and quick intelligence has always been a delight to us; the warmth of her affection and true friendship

has been a comfort; but most precious of all has been the faithful witness which she has been through all these years of missionary service, to young and old, to high and low, during a period of unusual tension and need in Japan.

President Irving Maurer (friend, and President of Beloit College).

Certainly she has done a wonderful piece of work for the Kingdom of God in Japan. What a wonderful tradition the Davises have set up in that empire!

LETTERS FROM JAPANESE

Miss Sumiko Yamaguchi (Genevieve's beloved young woman secretary, who did the translation work on her book. This extract is a translation from her letter.)

Though I lived with her for only a year, I feel now completely bewildered by my loss. How much more must it be so with you, then, who for so many years had lived with her so intimately, finding in her your chief strength and support. I can share the feelings of your children also, in view of my relationships with you both.

I am so sorry she died before she was permitted to see the publication of her book—she so put her heart into that. Only the Japanese can know how great was her contribution to Japan in that book.

With what keen anticipation was I waiting for her coming to Tokyo later in the month. It is more than I can bear that I could not have been with her during her last moments, and not even know the time of the end when it came, for she loved me so kindly!

I fear lest my letter, in which I wrote about the desk which I had bought with the money she gave me, arrived too late. I wanted her to know before she went how glad I was going to be that I could always be with her, through that desk of mine. I will now look upon this desk as though it were Mrs. Olds herself. And I will say of it that it is my life, with which I will spend my time every day. How thankful I am, therefore, that I bought that desk! You see I can talk with Mrs. Olds when I get up in the morning, and I am near her even after I go to bed. This gives me great consolation.

I think about Mrs. Olds' home-going over and over, and every time I think of it the more incredible it seems. Yet when I do think of it her cheerful face seems ever to come before my eyes.

I set great value on her letters, as well as on this desk, for I remember her as one who was able to trust and love deeply even such a person as I am, and that makes me very thankful. How lonely you must be in that great house, without your dearest! But since you are on the way to complete recovery now, be sure to take good care of yourself. I have

expressed only a very small part of my feelings. May God comfort and bless you!

(Miss Yamaguchi, in a later letter, written in her own English words, expresses her thanks on receiving Genevieve's toilet set that I sent to her. She writes as follows):

Thank you very, very much for your sending me the toilet set as a memorial of Mrs. Olds. I was touched when I opened the package you sent me. I could see her even now using these things morning and night. I placed them all on a little table beside Mrs. Olds' desk. I feel as if I were with Mrs. Olds all the time. I am very, very grateful for your sending these things to me. These and the desk remind me of her kind-hearted, motherly love to me when we were living together. These things shall be the most precious things of all the things I have now.

Haruo Ishige (Head of the National Purity League; translation from the Japanese).

She contributed much toward the bringing of Christianity to the Japanese. Moreover, her service to Japan through her work in sex education was distinguished. Our thanks for what she has done cannot be expressed in words. I am extremely sorry that she was not permitted to see the publication of her book, since this book will doubtless prove to be the crystallization of her entire life and work.

Mrs. Maki (W. M.) Vories (Omi Brotherhood).

My heart cannot cease to mourn for the great loss we are suffering today—for Japan and for the world. How courageous and strong in the work of her special mission Mrs. Olds was! And she was a friend to all whom she had touched.

Miss Kiku Totoki (in charge of the Sailors' Home in Kure).

She was a splendid woman in every way whom I ever knew. She was a Gaisen soldier (a soldier who is distinguished for his valiant deeds), in her spiritual war. I heartily sympathize your loneliness.

Dr. Riichiro Saiiki (Genevieve's father's doctor, and hers, when in Kyoto).

Her wonderful works, both evangelistic and social, will never be forgotten by the people of Japan.

Shinji Matsumoto (former principal of Girls' School in Takahashi).

I am extremely sorry to hear of the death of your dear wife who had embodied in her the brightness of an American lady and the genteelness of a Japanese woman (sic) born of American parents and being brought

up in Japan. She must have been, to all probability, a sincere supporter and kind comforter of her husband, not to speak of her social activity. I remember the day when she passed a night with us at Takahashi and amused my children with songs and her usual amiability. My children who had not accustomed to a Western lady, soon became friends with her. And now she is no longer on this earth! Woe worth the day that snatched away our dear, dear lady friend!

Hajime Noda (former principal of the Government Commercial School, in Okayama).

We express heartily for that she endeavored in the social affairs for the Okayama citizens. Her illustrious deeds never disappear forever.

Mrs. E. E. Cary (a long time friend in Japan, even from Genevieve's childhood. The poem which she quotes forms a fitting conclusion to this memorial.)

The sad news of your and our great loss reached me in Auburndale where I was for a few days. It was uppermost in my mind for the next hours—for I realize what a big loss it means. And yet she would have been sorry if her going had not meant much, very much to you and your children and to a host of Japanese. She had done her work and touched many lives who will rise up and call her blessed.

I am glad of all the years you and she had together. Glad of what your home meant to you two—of what a Christian home could be—and glad that its influence will still go on.

"A little thing is our earth
Slung, by a thread unseen,
In a tiny trail round a lesser star:
Beyond it—Infinitude—
Universe beyond universe,
Bright, estranged, unknowable.
A little thing is our earth.
And beyond it is Infinitude—
A little thing on earth is a home—
A home where love dwells and grows
Fairer day after day.
Beyond it are the unending multitudes
Knowing and caring naught that it lives.
A little thing is a home.
And bounding it close is Death,
It is Lord of all Worlds.
Deathless it is, and incorruptible.
For life it is of God's life,
Who is love."

My memory of the days in your home will remain a beautiful picture. My deepest sympathy goes out to you in these days of going on alone.

